

# Are YOU Coming

TO THE

# TWO DAYS WITH GOD

ON

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, May 13, 14,

IN THE

Temple, ALBERT STREET, Toronto.

# MARSHALL BALLINGTON BOOTH & MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH

Commanding the United States Forces, will be present and Conduct these Meetings, assisted by

## COMMISSIONER & MRS. ADAMS,

MAJOR YOUNG, Chief Secretary; MAJOR LEIGHTON, Junior Soldiers' Secretary for Canada; MAJOR MARGETTS, Training Home, Principal, and the following Staff Officers:

MAJOR GLOVER, Montreal Division	MAJOR SPOONER, Peterboro Division	STAFF-CAPT SCOTT SHARPE	ADJUTANT TAYLOR VEALE
MAJOR CALHOUN, Newfoundland Division	MAJOR COOPER, Hamilton Division	" SIMCOE	" GRAYSON
MAJOR BAUGH, Kingston Division	STAFF-CAPT. BANKS BEATTY	" SOUTHALE SWEETMAN	ENSIGN NEAL FRIEDRICH
MAJOR JACOBS, St. John District	" BODY WALTON	" COUSINS	" MICHEL WIGGINS
MAJOR MORRIS, Western Division	" GRIFITHS McINTYRE	" LEWIS EVANS	" WOOD BRIG. CAPT. GOWALL
MAJOR PHILPOTT, London Division	" MARSHALL READ	" MANTON PLANT	" HIND MATTHEWS
		" TASSIE ENSGN GOLD.	

The Staff will be reinforced by Troops from all over the City and surrounding Corps, Brass Bands, and Hundreds of Soldiers.

The MEETINGS will commence as follows each Day: 10:30 a.m., "PRAYER AND PRAISE." 2:30 & 7 p.m., "THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY."

PARTICULARS AND PROGRAMME FROM ANY OFFICER IN THE CITY.

ADMISSION: Silver Collection. Reserved Seats.

NOTE TO CANDIDATES: MAJOR HOLLAND will interview Candidates and intending Candidates between the above Meetings. Don't fail to enquire for his office.



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VAGRANT

Our central illustration can be better understood by reading the following little instance which happened in the Old Country a few weeks ago: The soldiers had linked up a poor drunkard while on the march. The man was very drunk, but while the leader was going on with the service he observed the drunkard trying to make his escape. "Stop that man!" he cried out, and a soldier rushed to the door of the barracks after him and found that a constable was about to arrest him for being drunk and disorderly. "Oh," said the soldier, "he is our prisoner, and we are going to get him out of here." The constable said the poor fellow, marched him round the side door, brought him inside again, seated him on one of the front seats, where he attentively sat until the prayer meeting, when he rushed forward, knelt down and cried to God for mercy. He then acknowledged that God had not only sobered him, but had forgiven him, and by His help he would never drink again.

Now this is just the sort of arresting the Salvation Army goes in for. The various daily papers team with the accounts of men and women who are pursued down upon by servants of the law, arrested, tried, imprisoned, and sometimes hung for their sin, and wickedness. If the poor fellow in the street is watched and tracked by a constable. The soldier, however, once escapes the hand of the law, and some time later is surely brought to justice. The burglar who gets his living by his night wanderings and who has not scruple in doing the vilest and meanest trick in order to rob his fellow-being is also closely watched, and if arrested suffers a long term of imprisonment. Then there is the prize-fighter who takes his chief delight in pummeling and punching his brother, while the doctor from the Queen's army who must away from his post of

duty is brought back disgraced and put into prison for a time to think over his folly and make him a wiser and a better man. Yet, and although it makes one's blood boil to write it, the poor down-trodden woman is brought so low through drink and sin that she is finally dragged through the city streets to the prison, a disgrace to her sex. But the clue to all this, and the reason for all these terrible sights and arrests is because men, and women, too, love wickedness rather than right because their deeds are evil. Now although the law is very anxious to check these terrible vices, yet to a certain extent it is a failure, for our fair Dominion is more than ever over-run by sin, and the majority of its five million of precious souls are led captive by the devil at his will.

Seeing the truth of these stern facts, we are very safe in saying that the only remedy for all these evils, is the Salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ, and as far as we can judge, for "by His fruits ye shall

know Him." The servants of the law are so eager to punish upon and bring to justice law-breakers, how much more anxious we should be to arrest men and women who have broken, and are daily breaking God's holy laws, thus bringing down upon them His wrath and judgment. Oh, if we could only see our spiritual nakedness and sinfulness to see and realize what hell really means, we should think of the terrible sinners who are daily being hurled into its horrid lurid abyss! What a mighty revival there would be; what cries for mercy would rend the air, and the Soul Room would rush about, and instead of five or twenty thousand, the whole Dominion, nay, the world would be brought to Jesus Christ. We are in for this, and every effort of ours must be so forth to bear upon the crying masses, that thousands shall be

were going to hell, and so we go on in this great work of saving sinners. But, comrades, the means we use must be more desperate, and on more often-times apostolic lines.



DRUNKEN MAN



know them." It seems more than ever that the only successful medium to reach all the down-trodden, the drunkards, the gamblers, and murderers is the Salvation Army. By all or any means, and the end we mean to reach is to arrest these hell-bound sinners and make them think of the terror of hell. We care not if we have to go to the very verge of the pit as long as we save them.

Since the Soul Room started over five thousand sinners have thus been arrested, either by the force of the drum, or by the Wax Cry, or by some words, testimony, or by the force of the drum, and many of these have been enrolled under our flag as Salvation Soldiers, and are to-day thanking and praising God for the marvelous change wrought in their lives by God through the Army. In short, if it is in their power to get the spot or day they were first arrested to the fact that they

arrested and brought to God. May He grant it.

The supreme need of the Army in every branch of its work is men. It has been from the beginning, but seems just now to be more pressing so than ever in view of the demands upon us during the early days of 1890. Japan—where I see the Pope has already got permission to establish four Bishoprics—in Spain, and its army of monks and nuns are as white as these have been by some wrong compass of British arms, has already found loving hearts and generous hands to erect one barracks and bid us welcome; the native people of South Africa, especially the Zulus, Kaffirs and Basutos will, we know from experience, gladly accept the teachers of

Salvation; India, Canada, and even Australia; Spain and Italy, which both have special claims, and need more soldiers; Commissioner Ballou, these are all to the front, at once asking, claiming—nay, entreating us to send them officers.

And notwithstanding all this, and much more, I know that there are hundreds of young men who are quenching the Spirit's fire, their ears to the cry of souls with the sounds of money-making and home-knowledge, shutting their eyes from the sight of debauchery, destruction, and damnation which abound around them, and unwilling their own salvation by their refusal or neglect to leave their one shop and go after the ninety and nine in the wilderness, for whom no man cares. Oh, my comrades, awake, awake! Spend one single night thinking what hell means to lost souls, and follow it by another devoted to Calvary and its glorious capacity to save, and then—let us go.

"It is a proper thing that somebody should care about this half-damned world, and look after the drunkards, the gamblers, the criminals, and the crowd of people who are without God and without hope in the world, but not me. I have got my shop, my staff, my family, my prospects, my worldly career. I have got to please my neighbors and friends. I must keep right with my uncle, or else he'll leave me out of his will! I'd not try in the face of my body customers! You would not have me make a spectacle of myself, and walk about with a bunch of those bawlers or lawyers, telling everybody I was on the side of Jesus!"

These are the times for people to do their religion in a corner, and they have so little that nobody even smelt it, much less feels it! But somebody should care! There is a voice which comes from the burning hell, which which comes from the backsliders and sinners not to come here.

Will YOU Help Arrest Sinners?



SIGHTING

















More Hell!

Two years ago the Salvation Army consisted of 185 Corps under the leadership of 120 officers in the United Kingdom and had done nothing at all...

In the Pacific War, in which we have more than 180 officers at work in the country, Australia, South Africa, India...

Our uniform, shocking as it may appear to some, is only the most natural expression of the life which we call ours...

What believe in the theatre ever thinks of despising the property of women and the life of imagination...

THE ARMY JUDGED

By the Editor of "Great Thoughts"

Dear "War Cry,"—I have the Army, and I thought you ought to know...

"This is what our correspondent sends to the Editor of 'Great Thoughts'..."

Our battleships, however, large and powerful as they are, however efficient their armaments...

Cuttings Column

Yes, I am on about the same old again, because I see more and more...

CADET COLLEGE

I was forcibly struck with the pictures of a painted eye that I saw in a book window...

Yes, it was the picture of a little standing over a basket containing which was so wrapped up...

Yes, it was a battle of the mind, a battle of the spirit...

Oh, the bitter cry and the cry of the daily hear and see!

Yes, and there are many "bitter" and "longing" eyes...

The Holmes meeting was a very interesting one...

I wonder who sent the above letter to some Temple leaders...

That confession as to being a Jew, the children of Israel...

Specials in Calcutta

Captain Sode Taser Goes Spinning

On Wednesday last, an enormous gathering of the people of Calcutta was gathered at the Dalhousie...

"NOT YET!"

On the way, when I have more contentment, I will not say...

Not yet, not yet, not yet, not yet, not yet, not yet, not yet, not yet...

When I have more contentment, I will not say, not yet, not yet, not yet...

Not yet, not yet, not yet, not yet, not yet, not yet, not yet, not yet...

When I have more contentment, I will not say, not yet, not yet, not yet...

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NEWFOUNDLAND SHACKS

By "JOLLY"

(The Newfoundlanders love to push and sell the Was Cry)

It's really surprising to me that after so much has been said and written...

Halfhearted! the charity's still rolling along, the old ark a howling...

The ship and talk of the island at present is the "media vivendi"...

I thought as I watched the excited crowd, crying out their grievances...

Capt. Gardiner stepped into my office last week and I held a few specimens...

Yes, I was there, I was there, I was there, I was there, I was there...

He tells me the war is going on successfully in collecting for the great things...

Major and a large crowd welcomed Capt. Gardiner to No. 11...

Yes, I was there, I was there, I was there, I was there, I was there...

Said the Major—"In commissioning and organizing these sergeants and secretaries...

Pete Danko, (A French-Canadian of Quebec) Your wife has just received...

William G. Benjamin Ducker, from Bromfield, Massachusetts, writes...

Major has just returned from a short tour round the bay at Caribou...

Just lately at Wellfleet an enrolment of convicts took place...

Halfhearted! I have in the fullness of His love.

THE W. C. BATTLE.

News of battle! news of battle! Hark, ye ringing through the corps...

Push the Was Cry! push the Was Cry! Push the Was Cry! push the Was Cry!

Oh, the words of battle! Oh, the words of battle! Oh, the words of battle!

Now our leader has given orders For a week of desperate fight!

Do not give up! Do not give up! Do not give up! Do not give up!

Do not give up! Do not give up! Do not give up! Do not give up!

COME HOME.

JOHN ROBERTSON, companion, sailor, who has left his home three years ago...

THOMAS LARSEN, Gastown, Dunsmuir, Scotland, would be glad to hear from...

ARTHUR BROOK, if this should meet his eyes, or any one knowing him...

WILLIAM H. LOTHIAN, Southampton, will say any one knowing anything...

Information is wanted about ROBERT JOHN, and RICHARD HARRISON...

ROBERT HARRISON, of Dunsmuir, Ontario, father was a policeman in Toronto...

JAMES HATTON, aged about 33. When last seen he was living at Belleville...

CHARLOTTE BRANCO HARRISON, from Dunsmuir, Ontario, in 1884...

ROBERT WATSON, son of Patrick Watson, of Dunsmuir, Ontario...

PETE DANKO, (A French-Canadian of Quebec) Your wife has just received...

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IMPORTANT!

Will our readers especially note that the names of these missing ones can only be inserted...

The "Enquiry Column" is altogether different from the "Come Home Column"

The "Enquiry Column" deals especially with those missing people whose names their friends do not want brought prominently before the public...

Will the CRY and Seattle, too, find their way to your hometown?

Do not give up! Do not give up! Do not give up! Do not give up!

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Do not give up! Do not give up! Do not give up! Do not give up!

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